

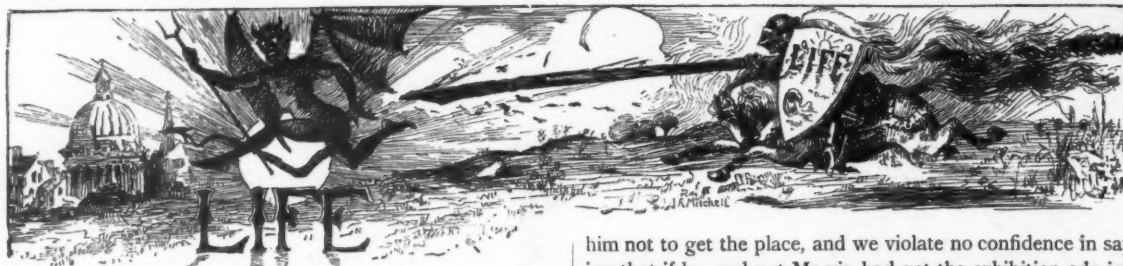
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A WIFE'S EXPLANATION.

Violet: MA, HOW DO PEOPLE KNOW THAT IT'S A MAN IN THE MOON?

Mother (sadly): BECAUSE IT'S ALWAYS OUT NIGHTS.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JUNE 23, 1887. No. 234.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., \$1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

PROPOS of the report that Sara Bernhardt's pet tiger had bitten an hotel waiter in Chicago, one of our honored contemporaries observed that the anxieties of American waiters would be materially lessened when Sara embarked for France. The observation is well grounded. Mme. Bernhardt has not conducted herself in such a manner during this visit as to overcome the prejudices that already existed against her informal morals. Not only the waiters, but all persons with a leaning toward reputable behavior, are invited to feel relieved when she goes home. We are glad that she is a Frenchwoman, and hope she will so continue. The disadvantages of her indecorous conduct are more apparent when her behavior is contrasted with that of the good American, Buffalo Bill. Bill has gone from the rude West to be the pet and admiration of the people of the effete monarchies. Bernhardt has come from the vortex of fashion to be a scandal to wild western cities. London cannot get enough of Bill; but we have had too much of Sara. She need not come back. She is too bad.

WORD comes from London that Baron Tennyson has gone off on a yacht, ill with the gout, leaving unfinished business in the Laureate's office, which, at the request of the Prince of Wales, will be undertaken by one Lewis Morris. Investigation in the newest almanac discovers that Lewis is not a typographical error for William, as might be supposed. There is such a man as Lewis Morris, and there are reasons, entitled "An Epic of Hades," for calling him a poet. They say he is very solemn, grave, calm, cold and pre-
tentious, but such an upright judge as Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard denies that he can write poetry at all. Mr. Morris has not yet been appointed poet-laureate, but the fact of his getting this odd job put in his hands seem to indicate that his chances of succeeding Tennyson are good.

MR. W. S. GILBERT is by long odds the most successful English poet of our times, and has confidently expected to have his claims recognized. It will be a bitter blow to

him not to get the place, and we violate no confidence in saying that if he, and not Morris, had got the exhibition ode job, an hundred people would have read the ode where ten will read it now. If Mr. Gilbert is disappointed so also are we, and both of us can console ourselves with reflecting that, at least, it is a great comfort to have Tennyson shipped off for a time to some place where he cannot hurt his reputation by more works.

THE poet whose fame is growing most in these days is one who has stopped writing, and whose collected works are withheld from the market by the censors of public morals. Walt Whitman grows in fame every day he lives. Pilgrims from England come to Jersey to see him.

So good a judge as R. L. Stevenson insists that there is good material in Walt's poetry. If Stevenson says so it must be true, and perhaps Walt is honored, partly because he has written poetry, and not solely because he has stopped.

LIFE was surprised when the last *Scribner's* came out to find in it a story by a lady who signed herself "Mrs. Robert Louis Stephenson." She ought to have known better, and doubtless she did know better, and the fault possibly is with the publishers of the magazine, who preferred a famous name to one unknown to readers. For a woman to sign her husband's name to her literary work is absurd, and goes dead against all the canons of good taste. Two New York ladies who continually offend in this particular, and who certainly must know better, are Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Harrison. Why those good gentlemen and skilled lawyers, Burton Harrison and John Sherwood, should be implicated in essays on etiquette, compendiums of Metropolitan news, or plays, or stories, or newspaper letters, however admirable, is something which, if any fellow has found out, he has kept it to himself. The case of Mr. James Brown Potter is even sadder. A quiet gentlemen who does something or other down-town, he gets an enormous advertising which he cannot use in his business or cause to enure to his advantage in any known way.

This is a new trick of literary and stage women, and LIFE, for one, doesn't like it. Mrs. Hemans never took pay for poems as Mrs. George W. Hemans; Mrs. Browning never rhymed as Mrs. Robert Browning; Mrs. Woffington spelled her first name P-e-g (to be sure there was no Mr. Woffington that we know of), and it is to the credit of Ella Wheeler that the literary public, as a public, doesn't know to-day whether Mr. Wilcox answers to the name of John or Obadiah. It is bad form, thoroughly improper and unadvisable, this appropriation of men's names as pen-names or stage-names for their wives.



A FAIR FINANCIER.

"OH, NELL! ISN'T IT LUCKY OUR LEGACIES WERE ONLY FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS!"

"LUCKY? WHEN WE EXPECTED, AT LEAST, TEN THOUSAND APIECE!"

"BUT DON'T YOU SEE, DEAR, IF WE HAD HAD ALL THAT PAPA WOULD HAVE INVESTED IT."

HE RESPONDETH.

She.

YOU still persist in using,
I observe with great regret,
The needlessly expensive
Cigarette.

He.

You should set a good example,
But you seem to quite forget
That you use a thirty dollar
Vinaigrette.

THE Jersey Lily always plays to crowded houses in New Jersey.
The people there think she is a native of their own country.

ORANGE mobs are dangerous and so are orange seeds. And so
are orange blossoms, too, sometimes.

AN Anti-Work Society would be peculiar, but it would be honest in
the statement of its mission.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A FOX and a goat that had become unfriendly for a trifling reason,
met one day and had a fight, in which the fox was severely beaten.
The goat spent the next few days in announcing his victory throughout
the neighborhood; but the fox straightway sat down, wrote a lengthy
description of the encounter, and sold it to a magazine as a war article,
receiving therefor a handsome fortune. The article was published
with profuse illustrations, representing the defeat, rout and annihilation
of the goat. Thereafter the fox was the hero of the community,
and the goat, being admonished by a vigilance committee, moved into
the next county.

MORAL: This fable teaches that the pen is often mightier than the
facts.

MR. DANA, of the esteemed *Sun*, claims that he has not danced
in forty years. But he has made a good many other people
dance.

TENNYSON, at the command of Her Majesty, is writing an ode to
Buffalo Bill.

WHEN it comes to political suicide, the pen is mightier than a
dozen swords.



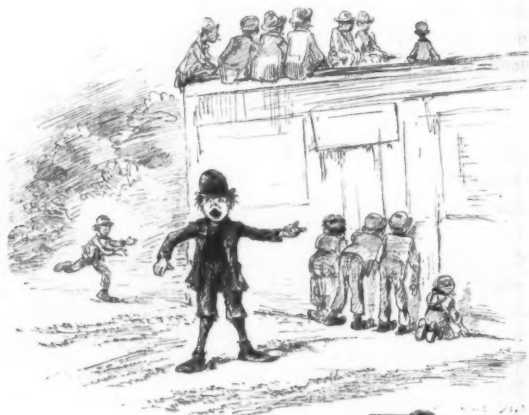
AN IDYL OF SPRING.

WHEN one who has "nice" tastes to please,
And likes to gratify them,
Sees on the menu, "Fresh green peas,"
And says: "Ah, good! I'll try them,"
It quite disturbs his peace of mind,
When he's devoured his order,
At bottom of the dish to find
A lump of canning solder!

IF the age of a nation may be computed as that of a tree is measured—by its rings—what a venerable institution our Republic must be!

THE numerous silver-tongued orators of the country now have a rival in a mule at Macon, Georgia, whose original windpipe has been replaced by a tube of silver. He will probably be sent as a Blaine delegate to the next Republican convention.

CAPTAIN NUTT, who was so prompt in pursuing the revolted Apaches of Arizona, probably has the elements of a kernel in him.



OUR NATIONAL GAME.

"Hi! Jimmy, come here, quick, or you'll miss the fun. They've knocked a ball clean through a man, an' he's a lyin' on the ground in convulsions!"

THEY had a "natural gas celebration" in Ohio the other day. Gas in celebrations, however, is no novelty, and is perfectly natural.

THE hobby which is running away with Dr. McGlynn appears to be a velocipede. What he needs is some new invention, which might be called a "lentipede," to make him go slow.

"WHAT'S this arrangement of J. Sharp, that I see in the papers?" inquired Miss Jerusha Slow of her nephew, Jack Speed. "It's the beginning of a symphony," answered Jack, "which will end in A Flat."

THE Gate City Guard of Atlanta, which has been denied admission to England, evidently is not the "Britons Guard Your Own," to which Tennyson alludes in one of his later poems.

UNDER the head of "Lost and Found," a detective bureau advertises "antecedents, daily habits," etc. It will be a very useful bureau if it succeeds in losing the antecedents of some people and teaches men who have been out late on business how to find their "daily habits" the next morning.

THE goose that laid a golden egg, with fatal results, has been rivalled by Edward Hen, who laid aside \$2,000,000 before his demise.

THE loss of memory which afflicts great capitalists, and particularly railroad magnates, when examined in court, is on the increase. Numismatics, or the science of coin, is generally supposed to stimulate mnemonics, which is the science of memory; but in these cases the accumulation of coin works just the other way. It is very sad. Some people evidently think bleeding would be a good cure for the disease of memory which has fastened on the capitalists.

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the Thistle.

THE custom of "bussing" a bride has not been an unfamiliar one; but at a fashionable wedding, the other day, the bride herself was Bussing.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has got through casting his fly upon the waters; but before many days it will return to him in multiplied form.

JUDGE LAMB, of Texas, who recently murdered his brother, appears to have been a black sheep. He certainly would not be fitted for the woollack.

THE Fisheries Dispute was lately transferred from Canadian waters to Saranac Lake, with the hope of adjusting it in the Presidential trout-scales. The latest official intelligence, however, is that it has returned to Washington, *vid* Albany, much refreshed by its vacation, and is calling for more bait.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOSTONIAN.

"E un fiore moribondo
Piangea d'amor così."

I N stating that my name is Mr. Everett Winthrop Rose, I not only inform you that I am a Bostonian, but also that my mother's family is an exceedingly swell one, while my father's is not quite so swollen. I have spent a large portion of my life on the continent, and, in consequence, find great difficulty in inuring myself to the lower form of civilization which exists in this crude and unfortunate country. I am exceedingly refined and cultivated. I am not very popular with my fellow students, and I cannot but feel complimented by the fact, for it is an open admission that, notwithstanding my modesty and retiring disposition, my innate superiority makes itself felt in spite of everything.

My life since coming to this country has been a singularly placid one, for Boston, like Philadelphia, is an anæsthetic in itself, and in all probability I should have gone down to my grave quietly and in good form without ever having stooped to any of the commonplace and sentimental things that the vulgar outside herd indulge in to such an extent, had it not been for an unfortunate visit to Mt. Desert, where I met a certain Miss Ethel Vernon. It was at a small dinner that fate first threw us together, a dinner given by one of those cottagers who are such howling swells in Bar Harbor and such nobodys everywhere else. And how well we got on together! And how thoroughly we agreed on all subjects—that Shakespeare was an awful old bore; that there were no poets but Swinburne and Heine; that modern art was too dreadful even to speak of, and that there was no music but Wagner's! How short that dinner seemed! and what a lingering eternity the men spent over their *liqueurs* and cigars! and how grateful I was to that stupid donkey who said at last as he looked at me, "Let us a-Rose and go to the ladies!"

How quickly the ensuing weeks slipped by! It scarcely seemed an hour from our first meeting to the time when I held myself up by a post upon the pier, and, with a lump of mammoth proportions in my throat, watched her as she sailed away! sailed away with my roses in her hands and the soft September sunlight shining on her gentle face!

* * * * *

Beyond a keen desire to annihilate all strangers, Bostonians, as a rule, have but one ambition, namely, to be dignified and to invest their smallest action with an importance worthy of their own greatness. It was a desire to live up to this noble trait that kept me from going on at once to New York to see her, for I hated to let her see that I could not get on without her, and I also disliked to appear like an over-ripe apple that was ready to fall with the slightest shake. Moreover, I felt it my duty to make her appreciate the great honor that I was doing her, and force her to realize how truly great Bostonians always were. Therefore, with a terrible effort I waited, and it was not until the latter part of December that I might have been seen in New York, looking hungrily for the name of the apartment house which she had given me. At last I found myself in the Caledonia's lift, creaking up to what to me was in reality a heaven!

And so as we sped upward the lordly youth who engineered the lift asked which floor I wished to stop at, and I, with an equal amount of lordliness, replied: "Mr. Vernon's," whereupon the noble youth gave me a pitying and withering glance, and reversed the lift, while my heart stopped beating and seemed on the point of bursting. When we had reached the ground-floor the youth slammed open the door, and said with a weary air, "The Vernons gave up their apartment a month ago, and went abroad."

I think that no one but a well trained Bostonian would have had the nerve and control to answer, nonchalantly, as I did, "Ah? Indeed!"

Roland King.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE
MILK WAGON.

BLOOD (OR WATER) WILL TELL.



BOOKISHNESS

WHAT BOOKS ARE MADE FOR.

“**R**EADING is not a duty, and has consequently no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book.” From this point of view, Augustine Birrell writes of literature in his second volume of essays, entitled “Obiter Dicta” (Scribner's). He has taken his creed of criticism from Dr. Johnson's theory that a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it. It is a wholesome doctrine, and its general adoption would sweep from our shelves much that is morbid, depressing, and stupidly learned. But “Obiter Dicta” would not be among the banished books, for it is full of wit, acuteness, and kindly satire. There is in all its pages a very lovable good-fellowship with literature, a keen appreciation of it on its human side—with a due recognition of what is skilful in its execution.

WHILE these essays are saturated with the modern spirit of tolerance and progress, they persistently turn the reader's attention away from contemporary literature. On Milton, Pope, Johnson, Lamb and Burke, the essayist dwells with almost affectionate admiration. He is not blind to faults, but he prefers to ignore the “dead dog in the stream,” and write of the “beautiful, flowing river.” (The figure is Dr. Collyer's.) He takes the intelligent reader's, not the critic's, attitude toward books. In this way he appeals to that wide and sympathetic circle which finds in literature something which makes them “for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures.”

And it may be remarked, by the way, that just at this point the whole modern school of Realists falls short of making good literature. Its photographic methods, picturing only the *visible* and *material realities* of life, serve to intensify our sorrows, to add a pang to remorse, to make the hearthstone seem more desolate, and to raise the vision of a hopeless future.

BUT we'll not preach from this platform—remembering that “Obiter Dicta” quotes Dr. Johnson's saying, that “he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critic.”

For, after all, there are a great many pleasure-giving books published even now. There is Swinburne's own choosing of his “Select Poems” (Worthington). It is the Poet's own brief for the Court which is to decide his right to the name. There can be little doubt of the ultimate verdict. He might rest his case on “A Forsaken Garden” alone—a poem which ranks with Shelley's “Sensitive Plant” and Keats's “Ode to a Nightingale.” It is the perfect harmony of word and sense and fancy which even a great poet only touches once in his lifetime.

In a very different field there is T. T. Munger's “Appeal to Life” (Houghton's)—full of a hopeful theology. And there is Stevens's “Around the World on a Bicycle” (Scribner's)—overflowing with adventure, good-humor, pluck and endurance. And there is “How to Make a Saint” (Holt's), by The Prig—a book which is directed at shams in religion.

So that a fair-minded reader will have to conclude that many of our books, faulty though they be as works of art, fairly meet Dr. Johnson's rule of teaching us to enjoy life or endure it.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE YOKE OF THE THORAH. By Sidney Lusk. New York: Cassell & Co.

The Story of Metlakatla. By Henry S. Wellcome. Illustrated. Saxon & Co., London and New York.

Lawn Tennis. New Edition. By Lieut. S. C. F. Peile. Edited by Richard D. Sears. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHEN Poe wrote the “Raven,” both he and the bird were on a bust.



A NEW HEALTH LIFT.

Miss L.— I SHALL never HAVE BREATH TO SPEAK AGAIN; I WAS NEVER SO CARRIED THROUGH A WALTZ IN MY life!—YOU ARE A MOST ENTHUSIASTIC DANCER.

Mr. Thumperton: OH, I DON'T CARE ESPECIALLY FOR DANCING ITSELF. FACT IS, I'M TRAINING FOR THE SPARRING TOURNAMENT NEXT WEEK. I FAILED TO GET IN MY CUSTOMARY HALF-DOZEN ROUNDS FOR EXERCISE THIS EVENING, BUT FIND THIS A TOLERABLE SUBSTITUTE.



AT THE JUBILEE.

HER most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria having intimated to the Prime Minister that no Jubilee could be considered a success without the Chum to Potentates, your correspondent took a special steamer to the seat of joy.

The arrival of the Chum was celebrated by a salute of one champagne bottle, of which the Prince of Wales, the Queen and the Chum partook with much relish, and the quality of which was subsequently shown in the bill which Her Majesty presented when the American representative took his leave, and which is subjoined.

At five o'clock in the morning (New York time) the Imperial Band gathered beneath the Chum's window and played "*What is Home without a Mother?*" so beautifully that the Prince of Wales, who was assisting the Chum in the adjustment of his insignia, burst into tears.

"What is home without a mother?" he said, shaking his head mournfully. "I'd give all I possess to answer that question. It is the one deep, dark mystery of my life."

"It is rough on you, Wales," I said; "but all things come to him who waits."

"Waits? Well, my dear Chum, I've watched the Coercion bill for fourteen long months; I've watched for a new joke in *Punch* since Thackeray died; and when I was in New York, I went to Wallack's Theatre and sat in my seat between the acts—but never, never have I waited so wearily for anything as I have for the solution of the problem, "What is home without a mother?"

"You've been thrown on a cold, unsympathetic world, haven't you, Albert?" I ventured, taking the Order of the Bath from my wallet and ringing for the room steward.

"Well, I wouldn't mind the cold, unsympathetic world if I could get the throne," rejoined his Prospective Highness, with a sad smile.

"Ladies first, my boy. You wouldn't have your aged mother give up her seat to you, would you?"

The answer I could not catch, for at that moment the Grand Duke of the Annunciata threw open the door and announced Her Majesty's approach.

Immediately the Queen ushered herself in, and, with a coy smile, inquired how the Chum found himself this morning, and at once signified her intention to set the Jubilee a-rolling. The Imperial Chariot was ordered, and the Chum by special invitation seated himself beside Her Majesty, and the procession started.

Then your correspondent enjoyed the supreme bliss of driving through fourteen miles of London mob, who had the honor to be bulldozed by the soldiery for the privilege of viewing Her Majesty ride by them, with her nose at an angle of forty-five degrees with the vest pockets of the taxpayers. There was more pomp and vanity between the Palace and Westminster Abbey than the most devout churchman could renounce in a century. Hundreds of bands, brazen and German, rendered martial music at every street corner. Flags and banners of every hue and pattern, embroidered with every conceivable motto, hung from windows and poles, and flickered in the breeze. The London fog turned out in force. The Irish Members of Parliament exploded bombs as Her Majesty went by, and the inevitable small boy, perched on the lamp-posts along the route, cried "'Ail to the Chief!" most vociferously.

Altogether it was a most stirring spectacle, and Her Majesty blushed with pleasure as she kept raising her crown in acknowledgment of the plaudits of the populace.

At Westminster the Royal pew was magnificently hung with

from foreign fields

crimson draperies, so arranged that the Royal party could go to sleep during the sermon without attracting the attention of the congregation. The Canons of the Church were discharged at intervals of five minutes during the service, and next to Her Majesty the Lord came in for considerable attention. He was vigorously thanked for having spared the gracious German lady to rule over the destinies of England for so many years, and with a royal disregard for the feelings of the Prince of Wales. He was asked to vouchsafe unto Her Majesty at least one other happy return of the day, to which prayer the *Amen* of the Prince was unhappily mislaid.

After the sermon a special prayer for those at sea was offered in behalf of the Government, the Lord was again thanked for his special attentions to the English nation, and the meeting adjourned to Turtle on Toast and other delicacies.

The festivities continued until a late hour, and the Queen knighted the committee in charge; conferred the Order of the Bath on the Italian Minister; made the cook who prepared the Jubilee dinner a gentleman, and retired.

When the Chum took his leave he was handed an envelope containing the following memoranda:

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, JUNE 21.

C. SMITH, ESQ.,

To REGINA VICTORIA, DR.

Terms Cash.

Use of Throne Room, one day	£6 6 0
1 Bottle of Imperial Fizz	1 1 0
Corriage	0 0 6
First-class Carriage to Westminster	6 2 0
1 Jubilee Banquet	5 0 0
Service	9 10 0
Lights	0 0 6
	£28 0 0

Received Payment.

Please Remit.

After reading this, the Chum tore a cheque from his book and made the following mem. on the back:

NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1887.

QUEEN VICTORIA

To CARLYLE SMITH, DR.

C. O. D.

Travelling Expenses to Windsor	£26 0 0
Consolation to Prince	1 1 0
Wear and Tear on Digestion at Jubilee Banquet	0 10 0
Cash to Battenberg for Expenses of Beatrice and Baby	0 9 0
	£28 0 0

Received Payment.

Pinning this on the throne, where Her Majesty would be sure to see it, the Chum withdrew.

Up to the hour of going to press no reply had been received.

Carlyle Smith.

SOME GHOSTLY FIGURES.

SOME attempt should be made to satisfy the hunger for knowledge shown by the poor, half-fed Vassar girls, who during the past year have consumed only 84,000 lbs. of meat, 95,000 quarts of milk, 32,000 clams, 100,000 buckwheats, and a few similar trifles. With a judicious system of milk, meat and poultry scholarships and degrees, to excite emulation, these young women might in time learn how to sustain life, and there would be some hope for the American physique of the future.



Bobbies.



Escort—Horse Guards.



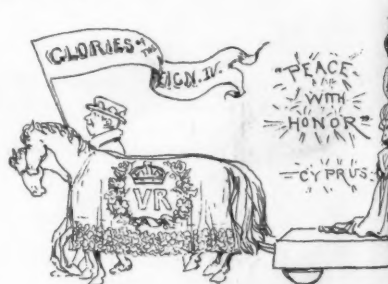
Choir Boys of Westminster, led by Lord Tennyson.



Dowered and Pensioned Relatives of the Queen (24 abreast) headed by the Duke of Cambridge.



Glories of the Reign.



Glories of the Reign.



Unsold copies of the Queen's Literary Works for Distribution to the Populace.

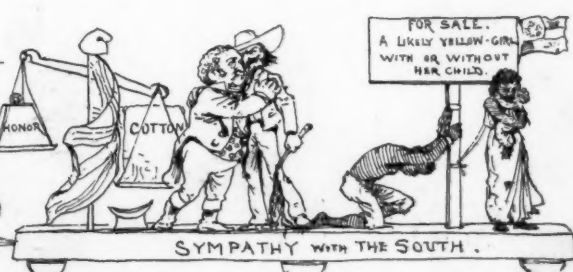
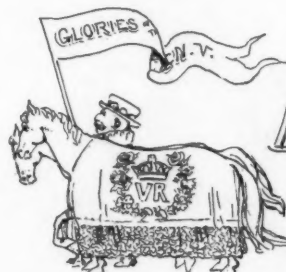


The Queen.

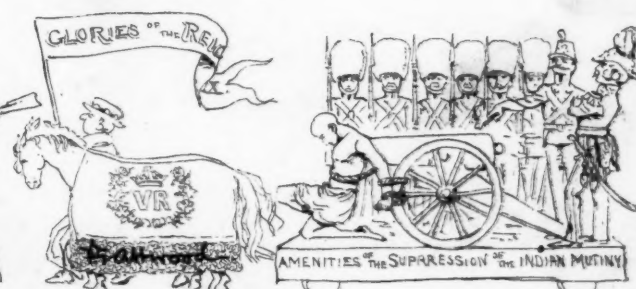
The Prince of Wales as Chairman of the Jubilee Fund.



Historic Tableaux—Glories of the Reign.



Glories of the Reign.



Glories of the Reign.



THE last fortnight has been, if anything in the night line may be so described, the (new-mown) heyday of the lawn-tennis season. Eighty clubs were represented at the Prospect Park tournament; and the inauguration of the Staten Island Ladies' Tennis Club-house, in strictly Old English style, was followed by the opening exercises of many other associations which unfurled their racquets to the breeze. The games for singles and doubles have begun, and the chances are, that if the racquet is kept up, many of the singles—where young men and young women play together—will find themselves converted into doubles before autumn arrives.

IN the pigeon-field Dr. Carver continues to derive a comfortable subsistence from the "incomers;" but this form of gunning appears to be too dry for Captain Paul Boyton, who prefers to shoot rapids. He shot the Passaic rapids (without seriously hurting them) from the old Gun Mill. The chief obstacle to this sport becoming general is that we cannot all afford to carry gun mills around with us, on the chance of getting a good shot at a waterfall. The single barrel weapon sometimes used for perforating the Niagara whirlpool is cheaper, but is not a popular fire-arm.

WHITE WINGS are very active this season, and the regatta quotations are firm, with a bullish tendency, which is likely to culminate when John B. sends his champion over for the international contest. The English are nourishing their hopes on the Thistle, a kind of fodder which some disrespectful persons on this side have remarked is the favorite pabulum of donkeys. The Shamrock, which is "tender" (no suspicion of steam), is said to be a better staple of

diet for sanguine Americans; but we should like to see her remodelled as a four-leaved clover. The Irish question ought to be kept out of the regatta, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Editor O'Brien will not be prevailed upon to come back and sail the Shamrock.

Meanwhile, what is wanted is a breeze, and the New York Club has introduced the novelty of searching for one, with electric lights. Another interesting event was the Seawanhaka Corinthian race, in which certain classes of boats were manned and steered by amateurs, while the professional crews were sent below and securely battened down. This is a pleasant custom, which promises to make yachting useful as well as ornamental. When yachtsmen generally take to doing the hard work, and giving their crews leisure for poker and champagne below decks, the relations of employer and employed cannot fail to be rendered more cheerful.

THE movement for a bench show of prize-fighters is said to be progressing favorably. For ever since a burglar who entered prize-fighter Burke's house in Chicago was knocked out in one round, gentlemen owning country-seats have been swapping their obsolete Cedarhurst watch-dogs for professional heavy weights, and the breed of stall-fed sluggers is improving. There will also be an opposition bench show of burglars when the next term of the courts open; so that both sides of this interesting in-and-outdoor sport will be illustrated.

A SACHT.

A YOUNG man on board of a yacht,
Said, "I am so awfully hacht,
I would like to take beer,
But it makes me feel queer,
For I always do take such a lacht.

A. B.



Mr. B—, newly married, takes a house in the country and is sent to the Intelligence Office in search of "help."

Prospective "Help": I'M SHURE I'D SUIT YEZ, AND I'D LOIKE A FOINE PLACE IN THE COUNTRY FOR THE SUMMER WHERE I CAN GO AND RIST.



A SICKENING BLOW TO THE ANGLOMANIAC

WHO FINDS UPON LANDING IN ENGLAND THAT THE BRITISH NATION—THANKS TO THE HON. BUFFALO F. WILLIAM—HAS BECOME THOROUGHLY AMERICANIZED.

SOLMONDEWHAT RUDE.

A BIBULOUS person named Cholmondeley,
Behaved all the evening so rolmondeley,
That the maids and the main
Stared again and again,
And glared at the party quite glolmondeley.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

"WHAT was the text this morning?" asked a stay-at-home husband of a church-going wife.
"Many are called, but few are chosen."
"What jury did he have reference to?"

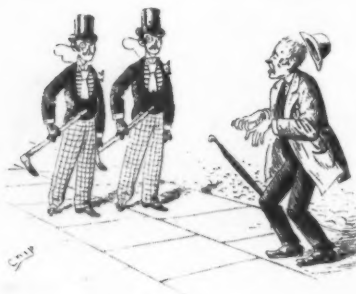
A CHICAGO Anarchist is under the ban of social ostracism for washing his face three times in one month. This constitutes him a dude and settles his fate.

THERE is a destiny which shapes the side-door, rough Hewitt as he will.

WHAT was done to the *Atlantic* to make her go? Those who know will not tell, and her original rule-of-thumb builders seem not to know. Her improvement makes a new element of excitement for the annual trials with Mr. Burgess's New England fleet.

IT seems that there are some Indians left in Arizona, and that the war season has come round again. But Geronimo is in Florida. Let us be thankful for a little.

AFTER DINNER — A hungry tramp.

**TWO OF A KIND.**

Party in the foreground: OH, LOR! I'VE GOT 'EM AGAIN. I ALWAYS KNOW THEY'RE COMING ON WHEN I SEE DOUBLE.

**TWO SIDES TO IT.**

Striker (coming home at 11 p. m.): BIDDY, PHWERE'S ME SUPPER?

Wife: OI'VE STHRUCK. OI CAN'T WORRK TWINTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY WHIN YER-SILF WON'T PUT IN TIN.

HIS NAME SAVED HIM.

BUNKO STEERER (to stranger): Excuse me, sir, but is not this my old friend Mr. Ely, of Rome, N. Y.?

STRANGER: No, sir. I am Mr. Eichlensteinbergerblumenthallichtenschwartzcoff, of Quoddyquohogmachiasmemfremagog, Maine.

Bunko steerer excuses himself, but before he can reach his "pal" the stranger's name and address have escaped him.

THE editor of London *Punch* confesses that his paper cannot make much headway in America in opposition to the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*.



QUITE HUMAN.

A BROOKLYN physician has been investigating cats and dogs, and he finds just as many cranks and fools among them as among the human race. He says that every fourth cat is off her base, while every ninth dog is a sort of fanatic.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A MINNESOTA poet sat by an open window writing a Spring poem on Thursday of last week. A thunderstorm was raging outside. Suddenly there came a blinding flash of lightning, and a moment later the poet saw burned upon his manuscript the letters "N. G." He was so impressed by this occurrence that he resolved to give up the poetry business at once; and he is now employed in a crockery store.—*Tid Bits*.

FROM an old bachelor's album: "It's too soon to marry when one is young, and too late when one is old. The interval may profitably be devoted to reflection."—*Tid Bits*.

ADVICE to young ladies about to graduate: Be just as sweet as you can. The man who doesn't like to look upon a sweet girl graduate is a villain—or married. Tie your essay with a blue ribbon, and be practical in the choice of a subject. We suggest "The Coming Man." Advice to young men about to graduate: Don't mind the newspapers. Whoop it up for all you're worth on the Commencement stage about "The Scholar in Politics," "The Ideal Republic," and "The Political Destiny of Patagonia." About five years from now read your oration over to yourself slowly.—*Buffalo Express*.

A POOR FIELD TO WORK.

BATH-HOUSE ROBBER: No use lookin' fer anythin' here, Bill. Ticket stub ter one of Joe Cook's lectures, an' a poker chip. Busted drummer from Boston!—*Tid Bits*.

CHURCHES in this great country increase at the average rate of ten a day; saloons at the rate of forty a day. What is the moral of that? It has none; it is very immoral.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

THE Piutes say of the earthquake: "Ground heap sick—heap bellyache—no good!" The earthquake doubtless rolled them about on the hillsides at a lively rate.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise*.

LUCK.

"HEAVENS!" gasps Mr. Hopeless, as he sits down heavily on his new hat, when leaving the Roseleaf's "Afternoon Tea." "There goes eight dollars and a half!" But hold! It is not his own, but the captivating Mashem's, his bitter rival. With rare caution he re-enters the house and lays the battered tile on a chair, to explain its present appearance, seizes his own and escapes in triumph.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

BROWN: Hello, Jones! How's your wife?

JONES (a little deaf): Very blustering and disagreeable this morning.—*E. S. Agriculturist*.

A printer up in Canada is said to be 103 years old. He has made so many typographical errors during his career that he is afraid to die.—*Somerville Journal*.

TEACHER: The wisest man that ever lived said: "There is nothing new under the sun."

LITTLE BOY (enthusiastically): But I'll bet they never had a baby at his house!—*New York Ledger*.



We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus when **PACKER'S TAR SOAP** is the subject before us, Mama tried all the rest, So she knows it's the best.

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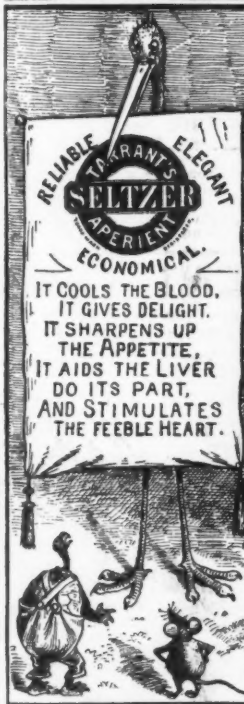
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